

Selfabsorbed

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Chapter 3

“This is so weird.”

Muttering to herself, Elizabeth retraced her steps through Addison’s building, scanning once more for anything unusual or out of place.

Her friends could be abrasive at times she knew, even self-absorbed, Addison in particular, but they weren’t the sort to just ditch their entire circle on a mere whim, as they had last week.

On the evening in question the three girls, Addison, Bella and Charlie, had announced that they were going out for pizza, and stepped out of the apartment, leaving the others to continue their kinky fun. Based on discussions with understandably irate neighbors who had been in and trying to sleep that night, it seemed that they weren’t seen again by anyone after the apartment door closed on them.

A few days later Elizabeth had learned that their apartments had been emptied of valuables, and their accounts drained, yet no-one seemed to be able to explain when or how, and not a soul could recall anyone matching their descriptions at any of their dwellings.

Even checking the building’s security cameras had revealed nothing, from the night of their disappearance *or* any later date. The police... well they seemed to think the trio had run off together... yet they showed a complete disinterest in explaining exactly *how* the disappearing act was done.

Elizabeth was short on explanations herself, of course. It was as though those three young, beautiful, rowdy women had vanished completely from the face of the Earth, somewhere between the elevator and lobby.

They had resorted to canvassing the whole building now.

Elizabeth had taken the upper floors, working down, while Delilah tried her hand at the lower, and went back over the 13th itself, on which Addison’s own apartment lay.

Nearing the final turn at the end of that floor, Elizabeth sighed, as the futility of it all hit her.

“Delilah?” she called, “any luck?”

Rounding the corner, she looked down an empty corridor.

No sign of Delilah.

She must be inside the apartment, taking another look around.

Stepping over a halfhearted application of police tape across the door, she looked through the empty rooms, calling for her friend.

Her voice was a little quieter each time, as the oppressive silence weighed in close around.

“Okay, come on,” she called out, “now’s so not the time for pranks, girl! I saw you on the stairs just ten minutes ag-”

Thunk.

Elizabeth froze, as she heard the muffled sound, emanating from somewhere *behind* her.

Looking back, out into the corridor, she saw only the door opposite, the apartment of the eccentric supposed sex worker, Zoe.

The door hung slightly ajar, stopped open by what looked like the toe of a shoe.

Her breath halted in her throat, her eyes staring at that tiny shape, distant and indistinct... yet the same off white that she recalled Delilah often wearing.

It couldn’t be – it made no sense at all – but then didn’t eccentric neighbors turn out to have dark secrets all the time? Podcasters had labored long and breathlessly to elucidate the many past examples in various voyeuristic ‘true crime’ tales.

Elizabeth grabbed an old baseball bat from the corner of the room.

Silently she slid forwards, towards the doorway.

Inside, she heard a low moan.

“Please, just let me go....”

Delilah.

Slamming the door open, Elizabeth strode in, bat raised, a warning on her lips.

“Get away fr-”

The words faltered and faded as she struggled to take in the baffling sight before her.

Two feet were looking up at her.

Steaming with sweat, they flexed and moaned, the faces on those female soles contorted with lust and dismay as they dripped.

Behind those surreal visages were what she only belatedly recognized as legs, the outlines disrupted by more shapes of noses, eyes and mouths. They raised, parting as their owner spread her thighs, and Elizabeth's eye once again lost track of the confusion of shapes and bodyparts. Here, what should have been shoulders and a head, sinking into the meat of a thigh. There, a colossal phallus, much too thick and long, yet at its head another face, drooling with cum. Beneath, what should have been testicles, yet were instead the features of another two beings, the chin of a third poking out from under their edge.

Hands gripped the head still sticking up, out of one leg, and pushed it down with a wet burble, as though it were singling into quicksand... or being digested by an overactive gut.

The impossible form seemed to recline then, a sigh emerging from its uppermost head, as that lower one sank and settled into place, as another mere face on her gleaming inner thigh.

The humanoid stretched, and Elizabeth saw that what ought to have been hands were, like breasts and feet and crotch and all the other surfaces of that nonsense body, possessed of eyes and mouth, even a protruding nose, all highly animated as the appendages groped over a chubby stomach and full, weighty bust, fingering the other faces lining them and moaning in surreal passion.

It was only the familiar quality of that muted sound that finally drew her back to the face she'd watched pushed down into place.

Elizabeth made a throaty gurgle of alarm and confusion, as she recognized the shape of those eyes, the bright blue of irises she knew well, and the elegant lips of a mouth she had kissed many times.

"Delilah!"

The many eyes of that monstrous being looked up, and she recognized another face – the one on top, the features of Addison's neighbor Zoe.

"Elizabeth!" the thigh-face exclaimed, voice frail and faint, "help me! She won't let me gphhh!"

The legs pressed back together, and the plea became a muffled murmur, smothered in hot, glistening loins.

"Well well, what's this?" the culprit asked, Zoe's eyes glinting with a look reminiscent of a cat, admiring a tempting new mouse, just popped out of its hole, "I didn't order delivery, yet here's a second meal walking right in!"

Grin growing ever more predacious, the larger woman rose, mouth-lined body a confusion of moans and protests, her original face eying the svelte interloper up and down with relish.

“What the *fuck* are you?” Elizabeth demanded, brandishing the bat.

“*Hungry.*”

“Get away!” called a familiar voice, emerging from her stomach.

“Charlie?! What did she *do* to you?!”

“Hurry!” came another speaker she recognized, emanating almost imperceptibly from somewhere under the woman’s breasts, yet unmistakably the haughty tone of Bella.

“Elizabeth! You have to run and get help!” Charlie insisted.

“She’s right,” announced another of those weakened speakers, “there’s... no hope once she gets you.... Oh gods it’s so horrible! You should... just give in and... enjoy it....”

“Addison?” Elizabeth asked, more disturbed than ever by that drunken, dreamy tone, blending distaste and desire. “Where are you?!”

“Oh, that would be my asscheek you’re talking to,” Zoe said, with a casual twist of her hips, to bring the swaying buttock in question around and show off that familiar profile, “as leftovers go it’s been an especially fun one, and the taste was just wonderful.”

“This is so fucked,” Elizabeth muttered. “just... hold on girls! I’ll help you!”

The bat hummed through the air, propelled by toned arms and a practiced stance.

The metal pinged, as a hand caught it, the face on the surface yelping at the painful bonk on her nose.

Another disturbingly sentient, frightfully strong hand gripped her wrist, before the human girl could pull back.

Zoe licked her lips.

“I’m already quite full, but I always save room for snacks like you-”

“You can’t!” the trapped girl protested.

“-even if you will be going *straight* to my ass!”

Squirming, Elizabeth recognized too late the inhuman strength of her foe, as Zoe easily pushed her down onto her knees. The monstrous woman wasn’t even listening to her – the

look on her face was the same lusty, delighted expression Elizabeth herself might have worn, right before digging into an extra indulgent dessert.

“Why are you doing this?! How can you be so cruel?!”

Of all things, she hadn’t expected a heartfelt plea to reach this menacing creature, yet Zoe met her eye for the first time at that question.

She looked confused.

“Well... because this is how I eat of course.”

No thrum of power or edge of danger was in her tone now – she spoke with a matter-of-fact intonation, as if they were having a casual lunchroom conversation about dietary restrictions.

“You’re just my food, same as how cows eat grass and humans eat cows. I’m what eats humans.”

“But it’s *wrong!*” the caught girl answered.

“Eh, I mean it’s not the *most* ethical diet, but it’s totally natural! Besides, I love eating humans, you’re *delicious!* So moreish!”

The outrageous thought stung her, even amid her fear and disgust at that bizarre body looming overhead.

“You’re gonna eat me just for *fun?!?*”

“Pffft, obviously? Never had a steak before? Or ordered seconds even though you were already kinda full?”

“This is different! I’m a *person!*”

“Pffft! Not for long, meat! Don’t tell me you’ve ever stopped to worry about eating pigs or cows or fish, have you?”

“O-of course I did! I mean I do! I don’t eat meat of any kind at all!”

Desperate and clumsy as the effort was, Zoe raised an eyebrow, looking mildly impressed, her hand loosening around the other’s arm.

“Woah, for real, girl? I can seriously respect that. I mean I tried it in college, but do you have any *idea* how expensive it is to get enough protein and nutrients eating vegetarian when your natural diet is a whole human every day?!”

“Right... I mean... of course, I... know all about that. So, uh... do you think you can let me go?”

“Oh! Sure thing girl! It’s only fair – if you don’t eat meat you’re off the menu.”

Zoe giggled, looking almost embarrassed at having nearly devoured her.

“And I *definitely* don’t!” Elizabeth assured, “I’ll, uh, bring you round some vegetarian recipes if you like, maybe you can give it another shot too?”

Elizabeth would do nothing of the sort, of course. Already pushing herself back up onto her feet, she would sprint the length of the corridor, then take the elevator down to where her car awaited. She could be out of the city within the hour, and out of the state within a few more.

“Liar!”

The indignant, bitter word expulsion blurted from under Zoe’s breast.

Curiously, the girl lifted her boob, to expose the sweltering, sweaty, panting face of Bella.

“Don’t try to worm your way out of this like you did stealing my boyfriend last year!” the outraged chest-decoration exclaimed. “You eat meat every fucking day, way more than I ever did!”

Elizabeth glared at the reduced visage, wondering why she’d bothered worrying about that particular ‘friend’ in the first place.

“What?! Bella, you don’t know what you’re talking about, so *shut up!*”

“It’s true though!” Delilah called, from the valley of those thick thighs, “besides you were about to run off and abandon us all!”

“Never! I was just-”

She caught Zoe’s eye, as the woman visibly wavered, between polite and cheery neighbor, and ravening carnivore.

“Honestly, they’re just mad that they... got eaten... but honestly that’s all water under the bridge, right? We’re gonna be veggie pals!”

“You were the one who demanded pepperoni on the pizzas last week!” Charlie called out.

“No way! I’ve been vegan since I was 5! Look, I’ll go get my diary and show yo-”

Zoe’s hands caught her before he reached the door.

“Nah, I’ve heard enough. You eat meat for sure, so you’re just meat now too.”

Elizabeth wrestled against those steely arms, growling and panting as she was forced down, inexorably, against the couch, and felt that plus-sized backside descend atop her.

“I could have found help! Gotten us all out!” she protested, as she felt herself sticking in place already.

“Serves you right!” Bella called back.

“Ugh! Shut up already, you guys suck!” Elizabeth shouted.

Her words were drowned out by the incredible sound and stifling sensation of slurping fluids. Both filled her body with flowing, erogenous stimulation, and she shuddered as she felt limbs melting away, chest and hips sucked in, everything collapsing and condensing... vanishing... until nothing remained.

Mere seconds had passed, yet she was looking out from the rear of her assailant, a mere face on her butt.

Zoe turned, to examine herself in the mirror, and purred at the sight of the two matched girls which had become her asscheeks, Addison on one side, still groaning and sniffing in a haze of depraved lust, the livid Elizabeth on the other, giving off a stink of another kind.

“Let me out! The others just tricked you! I’ve never even touched an animal! I swear it! If you don’t let me go I’ll- I’ll sue you, for false... imprisonment!”

“Such litigious leftovers these days,” Zoe observed, patting the jiggling pair of buttocks, to make them both moan.

“Oh gods stop it! Why am I so sensitive? And why does everything *smell*?!”

“Serves you right,” Bella snapped as she too was sniffing.

Even that prissy morsel had long since lost the fight and started to relish the overwhelming odors.

“You guys are all fucking morons!” Elizabeth declared, “I’m *glad* Zoe ate you! It just sucks that I’m stuck here with your treacherous asses!”

Zoe just chuckled, at the ill-fitted insult.

“Please, just, let me out already!” she went on.

The others were echoing that plea for freedom, both the newly added faces and those among her longer standing decorations, who had yet to reach the total mental collapse of Addison.

"I suppose I am running low on real estate," Zoe mused, fondling her densely-packed lining of faces. "Time to stop playing with one of my meals, to make some space for tomorrow."

The elegantly formed remainder of a woman under her breast brightened at that.

"Forget Elizabeth, she's a total perv as well as a liar, probably *wanted* to get eaten! Let *me* go instead!" Bella demanded, shouting to be heard through a mouthful of mammary.

"Oh, we have a volunteer?"

Zoe sounded a little too amused, but in her indignation, Bella didn't break flow to think about why that might be, her tirade of threats and outrage coming in full force.

At least... until she felt her lips starting to stick.

A moment later, they caught, stretching fronds holding them fast like glue, turning her words to mere moans as intense, throbbing heat spread throughout her.

That familiar, dangerous tingling of intoxicating awfulness; the feeling of herself being absorbed.

Her body was already gone of course, yet now it was pervading what little remained – setting her face throbbing with erogeneity as it sank into the squishy layers of Zoe's chest.

Digested entirely into nothing.

The other girls had fallen silent, hearing the process and guessing at its grisly outcome, yet even with her physical form wholly absorbed, her consciousness still existed, a lingering awareness, a presence in the body of the creature still savoring her flavors.

As Zoe massaged herself in indulgent lust, licking her lips and fondling that needy face atop her cock, Bella felt it all, from curling toes to pulsing pussy, all the pleasure of her predator washing over and through her prey.

It seemed to carry her with it, flowing down and focusing her into one area, that thick, solid rod of flesh Zoe was so delightedly masturbating, the faces of her hands and feet all conscripted into planting horny kisses and longing licks all over it, while the girl at the tip gurgled with want and drooled precum.

The pause to slide the inhuman shape into an overgrown condom was tortuous, for an entity existing wholly in the nerves and vessels and tingling mass of that phallus, but once it was in place the pleasure returned with full force.

Distilling Bella into the very core of that cock.

Zoe screamed out, back arching, hands and feet all biting and sucking as muscled tensed, and Bella felt that incredible sense of motion once more, the *flow* of rushing liquids, and the intoxicating caresses of every part of herself swirling together at once.

As she was pumped up, through that jerking dick, to emerge in great spurts of tingling hot seed.

The predator howled in rapture, her many meals harmonizing with the sound in their own reflected arousal, yet they were denied the release she so relished, wailing and quivering at the earthquake of erotic overload, yet feeling none of the relief, as she came uncontrollably into the condom, feeling pint after pint of former person splattering through her penis and inflating the growing bulb at the tip.

Bella's mind was scrambled, thoughts washed away in that unspeakably disgusting, utterly orgasmic churn.

She was the musky, bitter semen sloshing and bubbling into the condom, feeling its own slimy self, tasting, smelling, experiencing completely what it was to be nothing but cum.

Finally, with a few weak bucks and satisfied squirts, Zoe's orgasm reached an end.

She slipped off the used sex-aid, and tied off the top before it could spill, then lay back for a while, panting and happy, propping her moaning feet up on the sagging pile of self-sensual cockslop.

Bella was a bag of cum.

One which still experienced everything, the rubber tight around her, the gooey texture and gurgling tingle of sloshing seed, even the noxious stink and overwhelming flavor of Zoe's semen – of herself.

"There you go, you're free, dickjuice!" Zoe declared, "of course, given that you're nothing but horny, stinking, impotent cum from now until the end of time, I'm not gonna hold my breath waiting for you to say 'thank you'."

The liquid bubbled, its container wobbling slightly, as the contents, that former woman turned sentient slime, *churned* with unbelievable pleasure and incoherent lust.

Nothing could possibly be this depraved, this disgusting and degrading... and addictive.

"Did Bella seriously just become jizz?" Elizabeth demanded, voice barely audible from under Zoe's ass.

On her thigh, Delilah gasped.

"Oh fuck, you can see her clothes floating in it! Her black top, her pants- hey! She stole my fucking bracelet! I *knew* someone took it!"

Zoe patted her leg as she made herself rise once more to her feet, amused at the surreal misplacement of priorities just as she was by the protests and pleas – and horny, grateful groaning – coming from all over her body.

“That was a great meal,” she said to herself, as she hefted the gurgling sack of ejaculate, “time to put it with the rest.”

For a moment, the girls thought they were about to see their former friend tossed in a trashcan, or dumped down the lavatory, however Zoe retreated to her bedroom, and opened up the walk-in closet.

The sight inside was incredible.

Row after row of identical condoms, sitting there jiggling and bubbling, lined up and labeled.

Through the haze of her violated, stink and sensuality obsessed mind, Addison saw that the writing under each was a date, along with a few notes.

Not names or places... *flavors*, musings on texture and taste, and a rating for overall meal satisfaction.

It made her shudder to realize anew how totally Zoe disregarded their humanity.

Bella was beyond such thoughts, even had she possessed the capacity to see where she was being placed. Her existence revolved utterly around taste and smell and touch, and all were inescapable for the cum now, as she, like all those before her, gurgled in impotent lust and disgust, atop the shelves, kept perpetually at the pinnacle of release, without and means or possibility of relief.

“So, anyone else want out?” Zoe asked cheerily.

“You can’t do this! I-I won’t let you turn me into... into *that!*” Delilah spat, from between her legs. “Let me go *properly!* I absolutely refuse to be you awful ejaculate! I want out of your body and out of this horrid ugly, unfashionable apartment!”

Soft and frail teeth found purchase against the still softer skin of her nethers, Zoe’s own thigh biting her right on the balls.

Her snort seemed to suggest that the limited strength of her leftovers was too little to do any real harm, however she spread her legs all the same, and plucked her balls from that feral little face.

“Feisty, aren’t you?” she asked, smirking down at the girl, “but alright then, have it your way. You’ll be on your way before you know it.”

Addison understood all too well what that tone meant, yet even as she felt the sickening anticipation of some new depravity to come, she shuddered with revoltingly eager arousal, still sniffing the smells of ass and sweat.

“Oh gods I’m stuck here with a total masochist,” Elizabeth groaned, “what is *wrong* with all of you?!”

Of course she knew all too well – after experiencing that overload of erotic energy earlier, still keeping her sensual, bouncing shape jiggling so lewdly, the buttock was struggling herself not to succumb to those seductive yet degrading ideas that filled her horny mind as she listened to her friend’s ‘release’.

None of them could see what was happening to Delilah, however all heard clearly the moans, and the gurgling noises of a gut working overtime.

The woman herself had fallen silent, just as Bella did minutes earlier, but there was a decidedly more *gastric* quality to those drastic emanations this time.

Zoe was heading into her bathroom now.

“Mmmmmh, this was a good one too, if shortlived. Still, there will be so many more meals....”

Powerful thighs parted, and she squatted over her commode, ass elevated and hands on her knees.

“No way,” Elizabeth muttered, as she watched everything, in the reflection of a mirror-polished toilet seat.

Seeing how that overgrown ring of clenching pink muscle was dilating so dangerously.

“No,” Addison whispered, “i-it’s too much... I’m so horny already.... You have to stop!”

A burst of flatulence escaped, the folds spreading, rippling with the release, and Addison whimpered in lust, snorting back in the expulsion against her own will.

“Smells like... Delilah,” she slurred, through drooling lips, as she felt every part of her so abbreviated self burning with the dire want of that disgusting odor.

It only grew worse, as the sphincter spread.

With a wet slopping noise, thick logs slid out, hard and fast, splattering into the bowl below, the shapes collapsing into a single coiling mound as they piled together.

“Oh fuck, let me out of here!” Elizabeth exclaimed, straining what limited muscles she retained to try to turn away, or somehow seek cover.

Addison was in a similar state, spluttering and choking, gagging on the rank reek of freshly digested meat.

A stream of shit was flowing between the two asscheeks as they whined and writhed and wobbled in disgust... and gasped at the air ravaging their nostrils.

Horrendous as it was, Elizabeth couldn't look away, too overwrought with the overpowering ecstasy of their body above and behind her to ignore the arousal.

Lingering on the settling waves of shit, her eye still caught the glint of metal among the muck.

An earring.

She saw them the streaks of other substances too – of fabric and plastic. The hard outline of a phone, flashing on for a moment before it died with a fizzle of swamped electronics.

Zoe sighed as she kept shitting out their friend, as a mere pile of stinking sewage.

"What a relief. This one really tingles coming out! Of course dungheap here would probably say she's got it worse, given that just like all my excretions, she's still fully sentient in there. Can't say I'd want to know what that's like, tasting my nasty assmud for the rest of time... feeling it bubble and ferment... the smell is noxious enough!"

Appalled, Addison gave a wordless wail, as the cloying smell clutched at her nose, and she *tasted* Delilah on her tongue.

She despised herself for how she sniffed all the harder in that moment, cursing her own depravity, just as she cursed... *worshipped* the demoness who had done this to them.

The buttcheek could no more make the pleasure stop than she could bring it to culmination. She was on the very edge of climax, driven to desperate self-debasement by her lust even as she ached with the nausea of it all.

"Don't worry, leftovers, you're all going down there sooner or later," Zoe said, patting her quaking ass, "or into the cupboard in a nice condom, for those meals I really want to remember. Either way, it's irreversible, so no need to rush, right?"

She wiped, and the girls groaned anew at the vile sensation, and the sight of those papers fluttering down atop the pile of poop.

"How do you like having your body back? It's a little used, but thanks to my amazing biology it's actually been rather improved. Just like my cum, all my bowel movements can look forward to an *eternity* as a sentient pile of sewage – so ample time to get used to the flavors too!"

The mound of Zoe's crap was quivering just as her cum had, gurgling and rocking, twitching where pieces were slowly slopping together... as the woman turned living bowel movement felt and tasted her new, permanent self.

"It's almost like eternal youth – give or take some fermentation – so really you leftovers should be grateful. If you'd stayed humans you'd have only lasted what, another 30 years? 60? I forget how long meat keeps. But then, poof, lights out. Thanks to me, you're gonna stick around *forever*."

The chorus of disgusted, delirious moans were entirely too horny, and Zoe bellowed with laughter as she listened to them now begging to *stay* as faces on her body.

"Anyway, you were a tasty one," she said, addressing her own shit, "but I can't have you blocking my toilet, or stinking up the apartment, so best of luck with wherever it is that sewage like you goes."

The flush was the perfect punctuation to that calamitous scene.

As she watched Delilah slowly washing down, Addison kept huffing her reek, admiring how those revolting layers smushed together and flowed away. She adored and reviled the anguish of that shocking new form of sensorial violation, as she drank in the sight, ruined her nose and tongue with the vapors... and *longed* for the dreadful moment when she was going to follow her friend.

As another reeking pile of feces.

Zoe patted her cheek playfully.

"Don't worry, little morsel, I won't make you wait long – I can tell how eager you are to be my next bowel movement!"

"No!" she gasped aloud, as her eyes screamed 'yes'.

"We'll be flushing you away as more sewage by the end of the week for sure," Zoe insisted.

Addison could only whine, with sheer, irresistible *need*.

"Mmmm, that's the spirit! Say, you got any family? With how delicious you were, I think I'll fill up on them next...."